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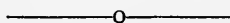
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Editorials

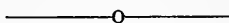


Christmas again—joyful, gladsome time of happy hearts and
happy days, all blending together to make
CHRISTMAS that one season dearest to the hearts of all.
AGAIN Dear friends are gathered together before
the open fire. Glad children play together
around the brightly glowing Christmas tree. Lovers whisper
to each other under the magic spell of the mistletoe. Old
hearts grow young in retrospection of the happy days gone
by as they see the wondrous spirit of Christmas glowing in
the faces of the younger, happier ones. The essence of youth,
of light and life and hope is revealed in the smile of every
passer-by-er. All the world is rekindled to a realization of
the beauty of living—and to a fuller knowledge the spirit
of Christ as it dwells in the heart of man in this season of
peace and good will toward all.

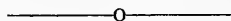


This year the Coraddi staff tried a new plan of gaining interest in getting contributors to the magazine.
OUR NEW It felt that at Christmas time there would be
PLAN a special inducement to writers if a contest
was held, in which prizes were offered for
the best story, the best sketch and the best poem. This plan

proved to be a success, for the spirit of the students was splendid. The contributions were many and good. The best contributors proved to be: Pauline Lucas—best sketch; Jo Grimsley—best poem and Ellen Earle Owen—best story. The Coraddi wishes to thank each and every contributor for her help.



The Coraddi staff's been thinking
 What a good chance this would be,
 To give our Christmas Greetings
 To the girls of N. C. C.



All of the world at Christmas time is young and happy and free. All of the hearts at Christmas time
 CHRISTMAS are full of joy and love and praise. Thru
 SONGS them moves that all-pervading spirit that
 kindles alike the heart of the youth and the
 heart of old age—the spirit of Christmas. This spirit pulsating and all enveloping is world wide. It dwells in the heart of each individual, yet the beauty of its presence in each heart is in its expression thru songs so wonderful, so beautiful that one is touched with the spirit of the Christ Child Himself thru them. The songs of this one season are preveded with such an essence of peace and good will that cold, estranged hearts long for the old family circle again of long ago that they associate with the singing of Christmas songs.

Wherever one is, whatever he does, he will find all of the vain strivings of the day are forgotten when thru the deep

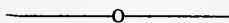
calm of a Christmas night sounds the peaceful, beautiful song:

“How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift was given—
So God imparts to human hearts
The glory of His Heaven.”

And then again, out of the calm of the night comes another song. Youthful hearts are swelling, youthful thoughts are poured forth in one spontaneous outburst above the merry sound of the sleigh bells—

“Deck the hall with boughs of holly
Fa! la! la! la! la! la! la! la!
’Tis the season to be jolly
Fa! la! la! la! la! la! la! la!”

Surely all the world is bound by a tie of love and gladness—and surely no greater expression of this love can be found than the whole souled singing of these glorious Christmas songs.



Math is my tormentor; I shall want no other. It maketh me
to lie down in a night-mare: it keepeth me
OUR awake till morning. It pestereth my soul;
SENTIMENTS it keepeth me in the depths of misery for
its name sake.

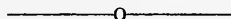
Yea, though I cram till the long dark hour of midnight,
I will fear no 1's for they come not to me; but 5's and 6's dis-
comfort me.

It preparent a conference for me in the presence of mine
instructor. It filleth my head with dizziness; my wrath run-
neth over.

Surely to goodness if this Math follows me all the days
of my life, I shall dwell in a class with Freshmen forever.

—M. J. M., '24

The Press Association has come and gone—and with it have come aspirations for the upbuilding and strengthening of our college publications. With it have gone two days of joyful “get-acquainted”—ness. We have learned the literary lights of our brother and sister colleges. We know the personalities behind the names on the editorial staff in our exchanges with these colleges. For that alone, we are very, very glad that our college was “at home” to the association. But it is for a much more lasting good that we are happy at having the meeting with us. We have been able both to give and receive, to give any suggestions that we thought would help our associate publications, and to receive many, many suggestions for bettering our own publication. May others see the result.



The North Carolina Bibliography for 1920 and 1921, as given by Miss Mary Palmer at the annual meeting of the State Literary and Historical Association is indeed very brief. We have in all, only twenty-four volumes. It is true that we have had better and worse years but it is also true we had so far produced no lasting literature. The fault is not that the state contains no material for fiction, history, or poetry, for it is rich in these fields. Many writers of other states have used North Carolina material successfully. The Patterson cup that is awarded for the best literary achievement during the year was not given this year. The committee that has charge of this gave no reason, yet we conclude that it was because no work deserved the award. Let us hope for a better record at the end of next year.

SEASONS

ELIZABETH JONES, *Cornelian*, '24

'Tis Spring—

And the world in budding glory
From the depths of winter hoary
Merges; and the leaves all dressed in
 brightest green
With softly murmuring chatters are seen
 Moving in the wind.

'Tis Summer—

The flowers decked in brilliant hues
And birds caroling the glad news
Are happy; tiny girls in colors gay
And little boys the livelong day
 Play on the grass.

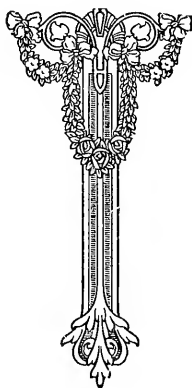
'Tis Autumn—

The flowers have laid aside their blue
And donning their dresses brown in hue
Lie asleep; but the leaves in all their beauty
 Are doing now their joyous duty
 Making the world fair.

'Tis Winter—

The fields are clothed in spotless white
And the wind, chill and shrill in the night
Blows; but around the fire the children sing
And no one feels the wind's sharp sting
 Save the poor beggar.

But Christmas Comes—
When no one is ever grieved or sad
And ever joyful blithe and glad
The beggar; so let the merry bells all ring
The story of Christmas cheer to bring
To all the world!



THEIR INTERESTS

*Prize Story*ELLEN EARLE OWEN, '25, *Cornelian*

"Oh Marshall! How can you?"

There was a world of hurt and disappointment in the utterance which sprang from the lips of a pretty young woman, in negligee. The exclamations were the result of the expressed desire of her husband, who sat opposite her at the daintily appointed breakfast table.

"Why not, Celeste, dear? It is quite obviously our turn to entertain. It has been a year now since we have done anything of the kind, although we have attended such affairs regularly during the past three months."

"Marshall, you know that I have attended as a compliance to your wishes. Since baby's death I have felt no interest in and have derived no pleasure from anything like that."

"That, as you know, is why I have insisted upon your going out more lately—you were losing interest in everything. You had given up all your sports, and you were losing your health. But, to come back where we started, it is absolutely my wish to give this dinner dance at the club. You may disregard my wishes in the matter of course. However——"

"Marshall! Hush please. I can't understand you lately. I thought you loved baby, and yet——"

"Of course I loved him. I loved him as much as you did, but I can't feel that we should sacrifice our interest in life and our enjoyment of our friends to his memory."

"Marshall you shall not! I will not listen! Never tell me that there was any love in your heart for baby! There was not! There's no love in you for anyone except yourself. Oh I—I hate you!"

When she left the room, she left Marshall sitting with an expression of much amazement on his face. Her words had come to him with the effect of an explosion. Did she mean—*could* she mean that he did not love her? The absurdity of it! Why she was his very life. How could she have misunderstood him so? Had he not told her that it was on her own account that he desired that they take up their life as they had lived until the death of their only child (a little boy three years old) a year ago, on Christmas eve.

His mind swept back over the year which had followed the death of their little one. He had been neglected. Celeste's whole days, sometimes, were spent in the seclusion of the nursery, where there still stood as a sorrowful reminder of the wonderful joy and love with which the young parents had looked forward to the awakening of their child on that Christmas morning, a Christmas tree, covered with gayly colored gingham and glittering tinsels. Marshall's hands clenched so tightly that the nails dug into the flesh of his palms, and the knuckles showed white as he thought of, and almost lived again, the wretchedness and intense misery of that early Christmas morning, when, in the gray of the dawn, grim and relentless death had reached forth his hand and, ignoring the tense gray face of the young father and the dry throated sobs of the mother had bore away the spirit of the little one. He came to realize anew, even as he had realized that awful morning that those soft baby fingers would never again caress his face, that the warm baby lips would never again be lifted to his.

His grief at the death of his child had been deep and moving; yet, he had given no sign. Celeste's sorrow had become an obsession. She had desired that the nursery be undisturbed, that the tree should remain in its place. Marshall had acquiesced with misgivings.

His fear that Celeste would brood over the memories which soon made so poignant had been realized. A wave

of rebellion swept over Marshall as he thought of the times when his comfort had been sacrificed to the moods of his wife. He had tried to make himself believe that his condition of affairs was only temporary. A year had passed, now, however, and he was still neglected.

Self pity had taken almost complete control over him, when it was checked by a memory of the quivering face of the woman he loved, as she left the room a few moments before. Her suffering was genuine; of that he was sure. It had made it's marks upon her. The lines, which he would never have believed to exist in her face, has deepened. Her cheeks had lost the roundness, her eyes their sparkle. She was still beautiful, but now she was a listless beauty, rather than the vivacious young girl, whom he had married three years before.

In place of self-pity, he was now filled with love and tenderness for his wife. Perhaps he had been unsympathetic. Perhaps he had been blind to her feelings. Perhaps he should have used tact in trying to divert her mind from her grief, rather than merely insisting that she cease grieving and acquire an interest in their life.

He rose from his seat and ascended the stairs to her room. Before he left for his office, he must tell her that he understood and revered her sentiments. He must let her know that her wishes and desires, and, above all her happiness, would ever come first in his thoughts.

He turned the knob to her door. It was fastened. He rapped quietly once or twice, then louder. Finally he called, no answer came from the room.

"Celeste, let me speak to you a moment, please dear."
Still no response.

"Celeste you must let me explain to you—I want to tell you that I understand——"

Then there was a slight movement inside the room, then a door slammed. She had retreated into her dressing room, away from the sound of his voice. *Away from the sound of*

his voice! Could it be that his voice was hateful to her? Could she have meant and felt what she had said about hating him? He had not believed that she could have meant it.. He had always been so sure of her, and she, he thought was always sure of him. In their devotion to each other, they had been the exception in their set. They played tennis together, swam together, golfed together, and most exceptional of all, they danced together a great part of the time. All of this, until the past year, when Celeste's listless playing in any game made her so cumbersome a companion that rather than break away from his custom of always playing with her in preference to any one else he had ceased to ask her to take up again their sports. Through it all, though, he had never doubted that her love for him was as fervent as ever.

The world seemed to go black before him, now, as he came to realize the full significance of the attitude which his wife had taken. He could not bear to think of a future, which did not have as its foundation the love and faith of Celeste. Sick at heart, he turned and stumbled, blindly, down the stairs, and out into the morning sunlight.

* * * *

At one o'clock Marshall returned home. He was full of fear; yet he was full of hope. He felt sure that Celeste's outburst was merely the result of the severe nervous tension under which she had labored recently.

"She'll be herself, now," he thought hopefully. Yet, withal, he trembled. It meant so much to him for her to understand. If she did not and would not understand—he tried to banish the idea from his mind. It was too painful a subject to dwell on.

He was a little disappointed that she did not come forward to meet him when he entered the house. Still he had not altogether expected that. He refused to believe that she

would continue to harbor the misunderstanding of the morning.

He finally gained the living room without having seen Celeste. The table was arranged for lunch. At his entrance, the butler came forward—

“Madam was called away suddenly. She left this for you.” He handed Marshall an addressed envelope.

“I’ll call you when I need you,” Marshall said. He felt that to have read this letter so fraught with fate, would have been intolerable.

When alone he tore open, with trembling fingers, the envelope. With a tensely strained face and ashen lips he read the hastily scribbled lines:

“I am going, Marshall. I hope you’ll understand. Our sympathies are different. I fear we should never be able to understand each other. I have feared this for some time, and it became manifest this morning. If I should stay, I know that we should learn only to hate each other. I could not bear that—after what we have been to each other. I am not sorry that I have been your wife. I am glad. Do not believe that I mean what I said this morning, because I did not mean it. You must have known that. Still we must realize that, with our widely separated interests and desires the state of emotion which prompted those words must have taken a hold on both of us. Please don’t try to find me—I am sure that you will not do so when you know that it is not my wish.

Good bye,

CELESTE.

“Why?—Oh why, my God?” Marshall murmured, as he sank miserably, into a chair.

* * * *

Christmas had come and gone. It was Christmas eve. The city was in holiday array. Bright electric signs beckoned temptingly. Handsomely dressed women and carefully

groomed men passed incessantly to and from the restaurants. Small children flattened eager noses against the frost coated show windows, and laughing throngs of news boys spun slangy yarns and gayly chided each other. Over all a soft snow was falling, sprinkling the clothing and gently pelting the countenances of the loitering crowd.

Watching the scene from a fourth floor window of a hotel, Celeste Marmon sat. Her face was sad and fatigued. She seemed to have caught none of the spirit of the season.

For an hour she had been sitting motionless, watching listlessly the shifting throngs. Slowly, now her head began to drop toward her arm, which rested on the window sill. Lower and still lower it sank until, finally it rested upon her arm.

How tired she was! Her mind and body ached under the weight of the leaden heart in her breast. Why, had she been a fool, she wondered? Why had she left her home when she was without refuge, save that afforded by strangers. Had she not, after all, jumped to an unfounded conclusion? Was she right in judging that she could not have lived harmoniously with her husband even though their interests were as widely separated as she believed.

In her head all the evening an idea had been shaping itself. It seemed now to have become fully crystalized. She was going back home, not to stay, because she could not do that unless Marshall sought her out and asked her to come back, but she was going back to visit the room in her home which was to her as a shrine—the nursery.

Marshall would not be there. It would be easy to go and return without his being aware of it.

Did she really believe or wish that Marshall would not be there? Had she not missed his tenderness to her? Was it not for sight of him that she wished to return—perhaps so, and, again, perhaps not.

When she alighted from the taxi and walked up toward the

house a felling of homesickness and all its attending depressing sensations, surged over her. She ran eagerly up the steps, When she reached the door she turned the knob softly. The knob was wrenched out of her hand, and the butler stood before her.

"I beg your pardon, Madam. We were not expecting you home tonight. I thought——"

"Never mind. Is Mr. Marmon in?"

"No, ma'am, he hasn't been home since morning."

"Very well."

"Have you luggage?"

"No, not with me."

As she climbed the stairs to the nursery, a vague and uncomfortable disappointment seemed to have overcome her. She walked spiritlessly toward the nursery door, and turned the knob.

A gasp of surprise, savored unmistakably with joy, escaped her lips when she stood in the doorway. At the sound a man who was sitting on the floor, before a grate-fire and surrounded by countless battered and worn-out toys, turned his head. His hands were gently, tenderly caressing the playthings; in his eyes a look of love and sadness gleamed.

In a rush of emotion the realization came to Celeste that she had misjudged this man in believing that the memory of their baby was not as dear to him as it was to her. He loved these toys; his reverent touch proved that.

Hot tears rose to her eyes. She swallowed convulsingly. Blind with the tears in her eyes she ran forward. She was on her knees beside him, sobbing. His arms were about her.

"Oh, Marshall, I didn't understand."

"I know, dear. But we understand now, both of us, don't we?"

MUSIC

ANNE CANTRELL, *Dikean*, '22

I came out in the morning,
 A morning, crisp and clear and cold
I skated joyously—unbending—
 My spirit answering nature bold,
And the trees and sky kept playing
 Rag-time music to my soul.

I came out just at sunset
 When the glory shone its might
The giant trees were blotting
 Great shadows against the light
And the roll of holy organ music
 Flooded o'er me at the sight.

But when I came out at twilight,
 Thru the forest, hushed and dim,
While the evening breeze was whispering
 Thru every leafy limb,
Then I heard the sweet and solemn music
 Of nature's evening hymn.



PUPPY LOVE IN DECEMBER

PAULINE LUCAS, *Adelphian*, '22

It was about three days after Christmas that I first noticed the peculiar glare of my son's eyes. All the morning I watched him with a sinking heart, for by some strange inward feeling I knew he was about to pass through the great crisis of his life. All of my fears were realized about five o'clock in the afternoon. I was resting after a hard day's work when there came a shriek of dismay from the kitchen, from which little Katherine was just emerging. From my bed where I was lying I could plainly see the child, and I must confess that the look upon her face was pitiful to see. It has always been my policy to appear calm and to never lose my dignity no matter what might be the hurry, so now I arose calmly from my bed and went out to view the horizon, and to learn what the trouble might be. You can imagine my dismay when I saw my favorite son, Jack, sneaking across the back yard carrying little Katherine's new doll that Santa had brought her. At the child's cry he broke into a run, and then, as she came crying after him he dropped the doll and slunk off to the wood shed. His mother would have punished him had I not intervened, as I made haste to do when I saw the deplorable condition of the poor fellow. I knew well the troubles that had arisen in his heart, for had not my own experience taught me the depths into which jealousy can plunge one?

This incident brought about a change in Jack. The glare was gone from his eyes to be replaced by a look of pleading and despair. I could bear it no longer, so one morning I beckoned him to follow me, and I led the way out over the fields where the snow lay in great drifts, where the rabbits scurried away at our approach, where the blackbirds arose in great flocks at the sight of us. The sun fell in sheets of

warmth on the chilled earth, causing the snow to loosen and fall in great lumps from the overburdened trees. Oh, it was a great morning for a chase and romp across the fields! In fact I was tempted to forget my dignity for once, but the presence of my son recalled to me the purpose of the walk, and I came down to business. As for the poor fellow, he was walking with his head down, perfectly unaware of the beauties of the morning. It seemed as though all of the love of life had gone out of him. I did not bother him with troublesome questions, for I knew that if I was to persuade him to fall in with my plans I must be very tactful in dealing with him.

We had gone about a mile from home perhaps, when I began to tell him in a kindly and friendly manner of an incident that had befallen me when I was young. It must have been because he was exceedingly depressed for he paid not the slightest attention to the opening remarks that I made. I began again.

"It was Christmas morning many years ago, my son, that the great sorrow about which I am going to tell you befell me. On this particular morning as I was lying in bed, I was awakened by shouts of laughter. There arose above the noise, the voice of one whom I loved dearly. Instantly the cold of the outside world was forgotten, my bed no longer appealed to me; I must learn what the fun was all about, so it was not long before I was there in the midst of the merry-makers. When I entered the room I expected Mary (she was the one whom I loved) to come to meet me, but not she. This morning I was out of the world as far as she was concerned. As a usual thing Mary was greatly pleased to see me, but on this morning she cast not a glance in my direction. No, she sat there in a new red rocking chair, and in her arms she held a large doll. Perhaps she has not seen me I thought to myself, so I went up to her and leaned against her arm. "Oh, go way, you are dirty," she said. "Don't you see you will dirty my nice new dolly? Go way." I cannot tell you what an answer like that did to

me. My heart was full of pain, anger, and jealousy. For days this state of affairs continued until I became desperate. I then determined on a plan of action."

"One morning, sometime after Christmas, I sneaked into the room where I knew I should find the doll, and grasping it I hurried out. I had hardly gone ten paces across the yard when I heard a cry coming from the nursery window. "Stupid creature," I said to myself, "to have come out this way."

"Come back here, come back here this minute, you hateful thing."

"It suddenly occurred to me that perhaps if I carried the doll back immediately Mary might give me a kind word, so here I went in a hurry you may be sure. She met me at the door and snatching the doll from me, she began to rain blows upon me until I turned and fled. Oh, the wrath that was in my heart! I determined I would leave home never to return, so out across the fields I went, over the great spaces of land until I dropped with weariness. Soon the sound of children's voices came to me and fearing that I would be seen I tried to hide behind a haystack, but I was too late for they had seen me. "You poor thing" they cried, "where did you come from?" They lavished all kinds of caresses upon me but I had learned to mistrust human kind so I returned none of their caresses. Finally they coaxed me to the house with promises of something to eat."

"You shall stay here and play with us" they told me, and my heart gave a great bound. But it sank again as I saw lying near me a doll. It is true she was old and ragged, but still she was a doll and therefore my enemy. Forgetting for a minute the happenings of the morning, I grasped the doll and gave it a good shake and then flung it upon the floor. What was my surprise to hear them shout with laughter!

"Just at this time the door opened and a man entered, and upon seeing me he asked the children from where I came. They told him they had found me in the fields, and the man seemed

greatly concerned. He must take me back home at once, he said. This did not suit me at all, nor did it appear to please the children. They took me out and hid me in an old back barn where some cotton had been stored away. From time to time I would slip out from here and play with them, and then sneak back. They slipped food and brought it to me, and for a little while I was happy, but soon I began to grow homesick. The cold was terrible at night, the food was not so good as it was at home, and I began to wish that I might see Mary, for though she had treated me cruelly I still loved her.

One day, when I had sneaked out from my hiding place to play with the children, I heard the voice of Mary's father, and not stopping to think dashed around the barn. There with her father was Mary, and with a cry of delight she threw her arms around my neck and hugged me until I thought I should never get my breath. You may be sure I was glad to see her, and that I was perfectly willing to return home with them. And from that day on I never had cause to be jealous again. In fact Mary had torn her doll up while I was gone."

My story ended I turned to my son. "Now my son," I said "I am going to take you over to the home of one of your brothers and let you remain there until Katherine thinks that you have left home and soon she will forget the doll and love you again." The plan seemed to suit him fine, so I took him over to the home of his brother and left him there, with the instructions to remain until I came for him. I then bade him goodbye, and returned home.

For days I waited to see Katherine grow tired of her doll and ask for my son, but I waited in vain. Forsaking all others, she loved and cherished only it. I knew what must be the anxiety of poor Jack, so one morning I started out to visit him, and to cheer him up if I could.

I had gone only a few miles when I heard the shots of hunters, and I thought I heard the sound of Jack's voice, so I went over in that direction. I rounded a little patch of woods

and came face to face with him. He seemed in the greatest spirits, and to save me I could see no trace of his recent sorrow. He seemed glad to see me, but when I mentioned home to him he was very displeased. He gave me to understand that he never expected to make that his home again.

"But," I said, "what about Katherine?"

"Oh" he said, "that was all puppy love. I am a full grown dog now for I have learned the joy of hunting. I could never be contented with playing around with Katherine now. Come on, there goes a shot, they must have come upon some birds." And with that he was gone with a joyful bark to join the hunt, which is the special delight of every Bird Dog's heart.



CHRISTMAS TREE LAND

HESSIE WATTS, '24

The Christmas tree land is a land of delight
To the dream-laden mind of a child,
The myriad candles that sparkle and gleam
From the depths of the dark tree, guide
The child to the land of mystery
Where soft, button-eyed animals hang
By ears and by tails and by ribbons gay;
Where chrystal ball tinkle, drums bang,
Where little stoves and chairs—and dolls
With waxen curls—and dishes
And peppermint sticks, and oranges and nuts
Seem all that any child wishes
And high up there on the top of the tree
Smiles a tinsel angel that glows
With happiness that spreads on the faces
Of Hans and Judith and Rose.



CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING

*Prize Sketch*PAULINE LUCAS, *Adelphian*, '22

It was Christmas morning. The earth was covered with a great blanket of snow. The drooping trees looked like white ghosts in the early morning light. Indoors there was the stillness of death, as the clock on the mantel rhythmically ticked off the minutes that were ushering in the new Christmas day.

The Old Doll yawned and opened her eyes. She had had a bad night's rest for she lay in a heap on top of the table where she had been thrown the night before. Lazily she stretched her aching limbs and prepared to settle down for another nap when her eyes fell upon the Tin Soldier. From his perch on the mantel he was staring as though fascinated at something upon the floor. Quickly the Old Doll turned her eyes in that direction. There in a magnificent carriage sat the New Doll. Her cheeks were suffused with blushes, and she seemed greatly pleased at the attentions of the Tin Soldier. He had completely lost his head. That was plain enough for anybody to see.

"Dear me," said the Old Doll straightening up "and who might this intruder be?"

The Tin Soldier grasped his sword tightly, and his eyes blazed with anger. But this only served to increase the wrath of the Old Doll.

"You're rather over dressed, you know, and your clothes though they are so fine, are not at all suitable for this cold weather. Not very tasty, poor thing. Rather out of place in this nice family, aren't you?" She stopped to shrug her shoulders and as she did so she caught sight of her own reflection in a nearby mirror. She took it all in—the colorless

cheeks, the ugly short hair. She turned again with a sneer to the New Doll. "Your curls are not at all the latest thing. Bobbed hair is now the style you know. And your cheeks" she cried in a pained voice, "my dear, they are far too red! What makes your eyes so big? Oh, you poor dear how could you have made such a horrible mistake as to come here?"

Just then the door opened and the Youngest Child's father entered and built a glowing fire that sent out little rays of light which falling on the New Doll enhanced her loveliness.

"You beauty," said the man

The Tin Soldier nodded his head, the New Doll blushed, and the Old Doll gnashed her teeth in rage. Now the Old Doll ought to have known that her teeth were none to good, but so great was her rage that she could think of nothing else. So she gnashed her teeth and presently out one of them rolled, which was good enough for her.

The Youngest Child stirred in her bed and murmured sleepily. The New Doll trembled with expectation for well she knew for whom she had been left by Old Santa. The Youngest Child sat up. She saw the blazing fire, she saw her father, and then she saw the New Doll. But the Youngest Child did not believe. She rubbed her eyes and looked again. The New Doll still sat there smiling steadily, and suddenly the Youngest Child remembered it was Christmas. There was her doll, and there was her stocking bulging in the queerest kind of way. She was out of bed and across the room in a jiffy. She hugged the New Doll, and hugged her, and patted and kissed her.

"Daddy," she cried "this is the very beautifulest doll I ever had!"

The Tin Soldier was so overcome with joy that he tumbled off the mantel. The Old Doll raged inwardly but she did not gnash her teeth for she was afraid that she would lose another.

ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR

ELIZABETH TIERNAN, *Dikean*, '25

It was in the early '50's when Robert Bell bade his parents and friends farewell and entered as a recruit in the Confederate army.

Before leaving his last words to his mother and fiancée had been, "Don't you folks worry, I'll be home for Christmas. Dot you wait for me and mother will have her long wished for daughter."

Time had passed and as December drew near his anxious mother began to save and plan for the time when he would return. "He will surely come," she had confided to Dorothy. "I have had to plan and save so, for I want his visit to be as pleasant as I can make it. Then too, you know you have really promised to become my little daughter."

"Oh, I try to think of that, but sometimes I believe I will worry myself crazy over father. I have not heard from him in a month and as an army surgeon I know he is subject to dangers. If he could come here for my wedding I would be the happiest girl in Iredell county," returned Dorothy.

"Perhaps dear, he may, who knows, just hope for the best and look on the bright side," cheered Mrs. Bell.

At last it lacked only three days 'till Christmas. Life on the plantation buzzed with expectation, for wasn't Marse Bobby coming home to marry Miss Dorothy Gray?

Old Uncle Peter had adorned the walls with evergreens and with help had laid the Yule Log ready to be lighted.

In the kitchen Aunt Chloe was concocting every delicacy that could be prepared in war times, mumbling as she worked, "I'se jes lak to know, how I'se spected to hev nuff aigs, let-alone my aig nog. Git out of here you lazy nigger, and fotch me them old goose aigs."

Mrs. Bell was resting in her chair before going to bed when her husband came in and softly closed the door.

"Little mother," he said, "can you stand some bad news?"

"Oh!" she gasped "is Bobby—————" she did not finish, for with a quick movement he replied "No, nothing has happened to him, but I have heard for a certainty that a regiment of union soldiers are near here and will probably reach our home Christmas day."

Oh, is there any way to warn Bobby away?" asked his wife, her face paling.

"I think there is a possibility of his not coming" said Mr. Bell.

This seemed to quiet his wife's fears and she bade him good night and retired to her chamber. The sun could scarcely be seen the next morning and before noon it was snowing hard. This seemed to assure Mr. and Mrs. Bell and Dorothy that Bobby would not come.

But still for precautions sake Mr. Bell bade all the negroes say nothing of his son on the morrow. He had already given instructions for the best horses to be carried to a neighboring plantation and for the household valuables to be hidden.

Dorothy had begged Nancy Taylor to be her brides maid if Bobby should come and they had run over to spend the night with the Bell's.

About twelve o'clock the awaiting party heard a step on the porch. They all sprang to their feet and waited for Mr. Bell to return.

They heard him give a joyous cry and Dorothy sped out into the hall where she fell into the arms of Bobby in the uniform of a lieutenant.

"I suppose my little girl is too happy to see her old father," came a voice far behind her.

She recognized it at once and turned, and embracing her father cried, "Oh father I didn't know you were here."

No one knew what time they got to bed but they man-

aged to get a little rest. For the time-being, all danger from the union soldiers was forgotten.

The next afternoon Bobby said, "Well, people, I suppose it is usually the custom to propose in private, but I have got to economize time, so Dorothy, little girl will you marry me?"

"Of course," she replied, and while preparations were being made, Dr. Gray, Dorothy's father said he would go after the minister who lived about ten miles away.

Mr. and Mrs. Bell were talking with Bobby. Dorothy and Nancy were upstairs dressing, and Dr. Gray had already left when Uncle Peter rushed into the room yelling. "Oh, Marster! deys come, deys come."

"Who?" asked Mr. Bell.

"Dos norf sojer devils," screamed Uncle Peter.

"Where shall we hide, Bobby?" asked Dorothy, who with Nancy had just come down.

"I have it," cried Nancy. "Come up stairs now and for heavens' sake call me before you open the door."

Mrs. Bell, Bobby, Nancy and Dorothy ran quickly up stairs.

"Quick," cried Nancy. "Get me a black dress, mat cap, glasses and a big blanket."

She threw the dress on Bobby, pulled the cap over his head, placed a pair of glasses on his nose and hardly had time to tuck the blanket around him, push him in a rocking chair and pull it near the fire when the sound of her feet were heard below. "Sit by him, Dorothy," she said and ran down the steps and with Mr. Bell went to the door. Five soldiers stood on the porch, while around the house they could see others, one who seemed to be a leader stepped forward and said,

"I am sorry to disturb you but I have been told that Lieutenant Robert Bell and Dr. Gray of the Confederate army are in this house. I think it would be best if they would appear at once."

"I am sorry to dissappoint you, but while they have been here, they have left," replied saucy Nancy.

"You will not object to a search?" asked the commanding officer.

"Certainly not," replied Nancy. "Won't you come in?" The soldiers filed in and at once began the search, with Nancy as pilot.

They had completed a tour of the lower floor and were about to ascend the stairs when Nancy stopped them by saying "Up stairs is my grandmother whom we fear is losing her mind, I just thought I would tell you because you look like a gentleman."

"I assure you madam, we will not disturb her," replied the officer "and I thank you for thinking I resemble a gentleman. I have always endeavored to be one,."

Down stairs Mr. and Mrs. Bell waited in silence and suspense, trusting to the skill of Nancy. Suddenly Mr. Bell turned to his wife with sudden tenor on his face. "Suppose Dr. Gray should return before those soldiers leave, they will surely make him their prisoner."

In the meanwhile Nancy and her companions had completed a tour of the up stairs and were descending the stairs. By the appearance of the officer it was easy to see that he had been captivated by the charms of Nancy. He was conversing with her when he turned around and said, "I wonder if I could see your mother and father, I would like to apologize for my and my men's behavior."

"Certainly," replied Nancy after a moment's hesitation and led him to Mr. and Mrs. Bell.

see your mother and father, I would like to apologize for my men's seeming rude behavior. I wish it might have been averted. I am certainly glad we didn't find your son. I would like to ask your permission to return after the war is over to pay my respects to your daughter."

For a moment Mrs. Bell looked mystified but when Nancy

slipped over to her she understood. "You may," she coolly replied.

"I suppose I must bid you farewell then," he said to Nancy, "I will see you as soon as possible, goodbye," and he was gone.

"Oh! what a relief" said Mrs. Bell. "Some one call Bobby. But Bobby needed no calling for he was already down with Dorothy.

"Where is father?" she asked.

"He has not yet returned. It is about time for him to be back," replied Mr. Bell.

"Oh suppose he should happen to run into those soldiers," said Dorothy.

"Oh, I don't think there is a possibility of that" cried Mr. Bell.

"Well! you can just bet I don't want to be an old granny again," said Bobby. "When Nancy and that old corporal of hers came into the room I thought my goose was cooked."

"So did I," interrupted Dorothy. "And all I could do was to sit there and say, 'he won't hurt you granny,' it was so ridiculous."

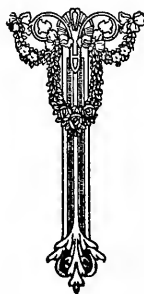
"Well I do wish Dr. Gray was here with the preacher so we could be married and I could get away," he went on, "another experience of this kind may not be successful as the last."

Just then steps were heard on the piazza but as no knock sounded they all hurried into the hall. It proved to be Dr. Gray with the minister. For a while it seemed as if everyone would talk at once.

"Why we came near having a little excitement of our own," began Dr. Gray. "We were driving past Marshall's Ferry when we saw what seemed to be a squad of soldiers riding at a rapid pace. I couldn't understand why there should be Confederate soldiers in this neighborhood. Then I thought of the union soldiers and by that time I could see what they

really were. I thought that I had better leave that neighborhood so I got out and told Brother Morgan to meet me at the cross pike. I cut around and met him. He said they only stopped him, looked in the carriage, apologized and passed on. My, but I'm glad to be back."

After the wedding when in the course of saying farewells Nancy drew Bobby aside and said, "Look here Bobby, I've always been your friend. and if you ever come across a real good looking union corporal, don't you dare hurt him."



YOUTHFUL REFLECTIONS ON CHRISTMAS

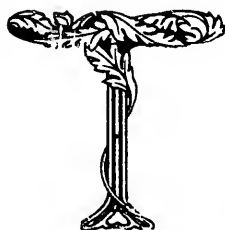
*Prize Poem**Jo GRIMSLEY, Dikean, '25*

Christmas time is coming, with its merry, cheery days,
Little children getting good and mending all their ways.
Turkey gobbler's struttin' out there by the fence;
I guess he doesn't know (for he's kinder shy of sense)
That he will soon be baking in Dinah's sooty pot
And he can't continue walking in our back lot.
Papa has told old Epokum (that's our hired man)
That he must get th' wood hauld as soon's ever he can,
And that since he'd thought it over, he certainly didn't see
Why Eph couldn't haul for us children a "middlin" cedar
tree.

Mama is smiling and happy with very mysterious air,
And you know the little closet that's under our back stairs?
Well, it's locked! And t'other day when Eph came in from
town

He brought a great big box and started to set it down
On the back porch; but mama wouldn't let him!
She "shood" us away quick and said that she'd bet him
"Twas going to snow and turn cold right away.
At least, that's what I *thought* I heard her say.
Yes indeed it's Christmas time, for when I take my book
And go back to the kitchen with Dinah (she's our cook)
She doesn't care *anything* 'bout the spelling and reading
(I'm her school teacher you know;) for she's busy seeding
Raisins and sticking straws in big brown cakes.
And if I even speak aloud she says "Goodness sakes!
Can't you be still and hush just a minute,
Don't you know the stove's got Christmas cakes in it?
And you musn't move around or stir or walk;

For if I makes a failure, it'l be th' neighbor's talk."
Seems there's no place in the whole house to stay;
In the hall, in the kitchen, we're just in the way.
So us children and the dog go out to our wood pile
And think about Christmas and Santy another while.



CHRISTMAS

EMELINE GOFORTH, '22

Peace, peace and calm—
An infinite deep silence—
Breathing of wind among the silvery trees—
Perfect and sweet
A far-away, low anthem
Born by the Christmas, dawn o'er land and seas.

Gay, gay and glad—
The sunbeams clear and dancing
Penetrate thru windows, decked in ever greens.
Merrily and mad—
The sleigh bells cheerily ringing
Bring back all hearts on Christmas day to dear
home scenes.

Twilight—deep calm—
All hearts on earth are lifting
Rich songs of gratitude—the snow flakes
Breathlessly fall.
Poor, rich, sick, well—
To all the spirit whispers
“Peace, peace on earth and free good will to all.”



IT HAPPENS

AUGUSTA SAPP, *Cornelian*, '23

Shoplady—"Would this do, Ma'm? Everybody is wearing this color this season. I know she would love to have a bag out of it. Bags are lovely Christmas presents."

Customer—"Yes, that's all right. But would you mind showing me that piece 'way up there? No—the other one—thank you so much for showing it to me. N—o I don't think I like that either. How about the highest one up there? Is it taffeta?"

"I don't know, I'll see."

"Well, I certainly would appreciate it. I hate to put you to so much trouble. Yes, that's taffeta, isn't it? But they're using satin more this fall, are they not?—Well, I believe I want satin, so please show me that blue piece, and also that plaid over there. You say it is two dollars a yard? Oh, I couldn't afford that. How about some just a little cheaper, say one-ninety-eight? You have some?"

"Well, you know last Christmas she gave me a lovely present and I sent her a card, so this year I want to give her a nice present. Don't you think a bag would be the very thing?"

Saleslady: (aside to an impatient customer)—"I'll wait on you in just a moment, ma'm."

Then to her first customer—"How would this do?"

"This is messaline and I wanted satin so much. I had my heart set on getting a bag something like that piece over there, but I think that is too expensive. Let's see that one on the top shelf is a good imitation of the one I want. Yes, that is what I will take, though it is outrageous to pay such a price for it, but I guess the quality is worth it."

She turns aside and thinks intently for a moment—then—

"Yes, that will do—please give me a sample of that."

Saleslady silently cuts the sample, and, turning to the lady waiting: "Something for you, ma'm."



Contributors Club

A CHRISTMAS PROBLEM

VIRGINIA TERRELL, *Adelphian*, '23

"Aw, g'won, Sam, you don't want'er give Mary a powder puff," said one of two young gentlemen apparently at the tender ages of nine or ten years, "she'd never speak to you again. The idee!" The sophisticated one gave his friend a disgusted glance and continued his mental inventory of one of the city's biggest department store windows.

"Hump, you don't know Mary, but anyway I didn't say I was goin' to, I was just thinkin' about it. What are you gonna buy for Dorothy?"

The mention of one presumably dear aroused the other from his study, and a gleam of interest shone in his eyes. He lifted his chest rather importantly and took on a business-like tone.

"Well you see, Sam, I had thought of a bottle of perfume. Course I know Dorothy's sweet enough," he hastened to add, as if to do his lady love justice, "but then all women like perfume."

For a moment the crowd separated me from the problem, and afraid that I might miss the final solution, I elbowed my way a little nearer the front of the window, and stood in the shadow of a big Christmas tree that shut off the light from the huge globe in the top of the Christmas display.

"I like that writin' paper over there—the pink," Sam was saying as I got back into hearing, "I believe Mary'd like that."

His eye settled earnestly on the pink paper, lying daintly on a bed of white cotton at the foot of the tree. "Then that book looks good. Wonder if it's as good as Tom Swift?"

The other evidently had come to some decision and ignored his question. "Now I know Dorothy wouldn't like what every other woman likes. She'd like sumpin' like that." His finger made a long streak across the frosty pane and pointed to a gold knife, hanging from the tree.

"Gee, boy, I know better'n that. She would laugh, sure 'nuff." Sam emphasized his remark by a fit of laughter which made several passers by turn around to smile, and wonder if the little fellow had revealed some Christmas secret.

"Well, you needn't laugh, I was just thinkin' about that. But I just got to decide." He felt in his pocket and pulled out a small coin. I leaned over and peered eagerly into his hand, trying to see how much he was going to invest in the all important present, which becomes a problem long before we are old enough for many others to have settled upon us. He flipped a dime between his thumb and forefinger. His glance wandered away from the window to the street where fast gathering twilight proclaimed supper time.

"Gee, it's getting pretty dark, reckon I better go and get sister's thread. So long."

"White, No. 60," I heard him mumble as he joined the throng of Christmas shoppers pushing gayly into the brightly decorated store.

CHRISTMAS EVE

ELVA ROSSER, *Cornelian*, '22

Christmas eve! and it seems as if the whole town had been transformed over night by magic into a fairy city of gifts.

On the streets all is pleasant, hurry and hustle. Mothers and fathers with conferences with Santa Claus hurry along, their arms weighted down with bulky packages out of which protrude golden-haired dolls and pop-guns. Dark red holly berries, mingled with gleaming mistletoe and red Christmas bells, lend a dash of color to the sombre green of the holly and cedar massed against the transparent crystal of the shop windows. Little street waifs with big hearts peer through the magic windows, out of which peeps Santa Claus himself, ardently hoping in their hearts that Santa won't forget them this time. An old black "mammy" with a basket on her arm smilingly bounces along, stopping often to admire the scene within, and to exclaim, "Mercy, but ain't them white chilluns gwine git heaps of Crismus." The pungent smell of bruised cedar and freshly cut oak fills the air as a rattling wagon laden with Christmas greens and small boys, makes its noisy way up the streets by yells of Christmas decorations for sale. Now and then a slender girl in abbreviated skirts, snuggled up to her chin in furs, with a smile on her face and a cavalier at her side quickly hurries along. Half grown boys in knickerbockers and in their first "real trousers" trudge along with their new possessions of air rifles and firecrackers. As it grows darker shots are heard in the air, and beautiful stars and streams of red and lavender fire are seen shooting heavenward into the clear blue sky and falling back to earth again. One by one the lights in the ransacked shops go out leaving the picked over dolls and toys alone in the dark. As the darkness grows deeper all the lights are gone and the streets are deserted. And not until long past midnight does the spirit of "Peace on earth, good will to men!" reign in the magic city of gifts.

THE LEGEND OF MISTLETOE

STELLA WILLIAMS—*Adelphian* '23AUGUSTA SAPP—*Cornelian* '23

Centuries ago a man loved a maid, but he wooed in vain. She would listen to none of his pleas. He tried for many moons to win her. Finally one day when the shapely leaves of the black-gum left their summer home to sleep in the blankets of snow, he wandered in the forest aimlessly—pondering. Pondering over what he could do to win the heart of his love, something strange and beautiful caught his attention.

Growing on the black-gum was a solitary sprig of evergreen covered with white berries. Struck with the unusualness of the growth, he procured it. The freshness of its beauty immediately suggested to his lover's mind the fresh beauty of his lady fair. He remembered that she was giving a ball that evening, and decided to carry it to her in hopes that he might further his suit.

That evening she had looked more beautiful, more desirable to him. His heart pounded as he beheld her. He held his gift aloft. She had never seen a thing so beautiful. Her lips parted. He could resist no longer. He stole a kiss. His suit was won.

Forever afterwards, this evergreen, now called Mistletoe has been used by unsuccessful lovers.

CHRISTMAS GIFTSSTELLA WILLIAMS, '23—*Adelphian*

"Say, I don't think George is fair, do you sis?"

"I think he is g-r-a-n-d. He is going to give me and you a pair of skates."

"Oh, I know that, but look what he is giving sis—a pair of golf stockings, he told me yesterday."

"Aren't they alright?"

"Yeah, I guess they'd be alright enough if he wasn't giving Alice something so great and grand."

"But he and Alice are engaged."

"There you go, always trying to make excuses. I don't care if they are engaged. If he can give her a string of pearls he can at least give sis a \$10 present."

"Tom you're right. Why Alice has been wearing his "frat" pin as he calls it, for nearly a year and I think that is enough for he, let's fix him."

* * * *

"Brother, I think you are too good to be true. The pearls are too beautiful for anything. I wasn't even interested enough to get up and look in my stocking but the twins offered me a treat to get up before you. I can't imagine why they were so anxious."

"There goes the phone. Answer it George. It's Alice."

"Hello, George, you needn't call today. You might have given the hose to your cook. I know she would appreciate them. That's all."

"I don't understand this," groaned George.

"We do," shrieked the twins.

HOMeward BOUND

A push and a jam
'Tis the whistle sound
A yell and a holler,
From the station we bound.

Big girls, little girls,
Many fat and many thin
Rush toward the coming train
To be the first one in.

Big suit case, little suit cases
Many fat and few thin
We bump by them; we bump with them
Until they bump us in.

Then we scream and then we yell
For the train begins to go—
Scarcely breathing, scarcely living
Homeward bound, yea homeward go.
—May Shearer, '23, Beulah Kanipe '23

“THAT BELL”

CAROLINE BEAR, '25

Ah me! I opened my left eye
(And then my right one too,)
The bell was ringing merrily;
Breakfast—what should I do?

I grabbed my stockings, shoes I sought
All in a dreadful haste;
My clothes I slung onto my back—
Not a minute more to waste.

My brush—a few strokes thru my hair,
Hairpins stuck in here and there;

Down the steps, my breath in gasps
Those precious minutes almost past!

I gained the ground, the bridge, the *room*!
I slowed down step by step.
The dining room was empty,
For lo! that bell was "prep"!

TO THE GIRLS IN THE PRACTICE HALL

Oh sorceress! from your swift fingers
The witching sound of ragtime lingers
When you play the light "mon homme"
I listen with parted lips, *comme*
Ca! French song! as your fingers run
To the comic "Aint we got fun?",
Then "I never knew" tip—tilting;
When the arrogant "Miss Lizzie Brown"
And "Mammy" come crashing down,
My feet—they'd like to dance
You know how, but not a chance,
For I'm outside on the walk
Quite breathless and hushed all talk.
When "Just a Japanese Sandman" dear
And the notes of "Whispering" I hear,
My soul soars on high and sails
And then—you're practicing *scales*!

—Jo Grimsley, Dikean '25

OH TIME

How must I keep my watch set
The clocks are not the same,

Some are too fast and some too slow
It's an awful puzzling game

Now for instance in the morning
When we're all so fast asleep,
Before it's hardly day light
The old bell begins to scream.

And when we start to classes
Invariably its our fate,
To run our crazy heads off
And then get there too late.

But yet when we're on classes
And want that bell to ring,
It wouldn't ring to save your life
I hate that pesky thing.

How *can* we set our watches
So we'll know just when to go,
When one bell rings too early
Another rings too slow.

I've thought this thing out carefully
And although you cannot tell,
I think I'll set my watch to go
With that dear old dinner bell.

—Mary Weaver, Adelphian, '24

IF

If you can hold interest in your work when all around you
Are losing theirs, 'mid plans for the holiday:

If you can forget the Christmas gifts and things most dear
 to you,
 And work on in your usual way:
 If you can force your mind, and nerve and spirit
 To write term papers; we must confess
 Your's is the college and everything that's in it,
 And—which is more—you are a marvel, nothing less!
 (With an apology to Rudyard Kipling)

S. Williams *Adelphian*, '23

A. Sapp *Cornelian* '23

LAMB'S ESSAYS

To get a clear idea of Lamb's Essays we must visit him at *A Quaker's Meeting* at *The South Sea House* where *The Two Races of Men* are present because of *Imperfect Sympathies*; where *The Old and The New Schoolmasters* have met together to *Complain About the Behavior of Married People* and *The Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis* and *Old Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist*, where *Dream Children* enter and tell about *Their First Play*, *Witches and Other Night Fears* and how a *Chapter on Ears* explains *The Artificial Comedy of The Last Century*.

—Maude Rhyne, *Cornelian* '24

CHRISTMAS TONGUES

The freshmen all had little tongues
 As active as could be,
 And those tongues they wagged at Christmas
 In a shocking way to see.

They carried them to class with them—
 'Twas not against the rule—
But it brought them fives and sixes
 To have their tongues in school.

The teachers tried to drive them out
 With x's, y's and dates;
But freshmen tongues, on Christmas themes
 Are tireless as the Fates.

—Elizabeth Duffy, '25

CHRISTMAS

FLORENCE WINSTEAD, '24

Christmas is coming, oh hear! oh hear!
Christmas is coming and glad New Year.
North winds blow and faces glow
While youth gambols and plays.
Without—a white snow-bank glistens and gleams
Within—a bright blaze crackles and gleams,
With a saucy beck and a whistling call
The one a relief from the other's thrall
Oh! a fog for rough weather
When young hearts together
Banish gloom and care.
Christmas is a merry time,
Hearts sing, beating joyful rhyme,
Then sing for Christmas with whole heart,
 merrily
Sing for Christmas cheerily!



I stepped on her foot at midnight—
How in the deuce could I know
That that dainty little slipper
Hid a corn upon her toe?
Yes—I stepped on her corn at midnight—
How in the deuce could I tell
That the erstwhile smiling maiden
Would order me straight to—go!

That old saying that "Silence is Gold" reduces us to the
state of a pauper when we don't get the letter we want.

The guys who thru correspondence
Train memory, may be fakers—
But the guys who likewise teach flying
Are certainly undertakers!

"My dear," said he, "do you know that you are the flower of my life?"

"Oh dear!" said she, "a dogwood!"

Gertrude: "I know all but two points in this lesson, but I can't think of those to save my life."

Mary: "Which two can't you think of?"

Miss T. "Martha, Name the states in the union."

Martha: "Maine, Massachusetts, Concord."

SAY THE PHOTOGRAPHERS

"Try"

"Oh, you beautiful doll" expressions.

"Smile the while" depressions.

"Tulips" compressions.

"Sweet by and by" confessions.

"Aye."

Says I

"Et tu, buzzards!"

Poor John was wounded on the front!

Inspired by reading the poems of William Blake. Contributed by Professor Taylor.

'Ittle lamb I 'oves 'oo

'Oos so very 'feet

'Ittle lamb I 'oves 'oo

'Oos so white an' neat.

'Ittle lamb I 'oves 'oo

'Oos so very small

'Ittle lamb, God 'oves 'oo

Who sees every sparrow fall."

Two chewing gum fiends may not always be chummy
But they're bound to stick to each other, by gummy.

He—"When I hear some songs, I always think of you, dear."

She—"Isn't that queer? I was just getting ready to say last night, that I thought of you as we were singing "The Consecrated Cross-Eyed Bear."

Shakespeare knew all about us! The Trinity Archive of 1892 found out this bit of information:

Freshman year: "Comedy of Errors."

Sophomore year: "Much ado about nothing."

Junior year: "As you like it."

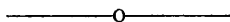
Senior year: "All's well that ends well."

"Well I'll swan" said an old cousin to our friend Bland Roberts, "you ain't a bit afeared o' work. Why, you'll lay right down beside it and go to sleep."

Breathese there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
"This Christmas I won't be hoodwink't!"

De gal at N. C. C. sings 'er song
An' she steps mighty high as she goes along;
'Er head is light, an' 'er heart is gay
Fo' she know Christmus am on de way
An' she ain't by 'erself happy like dat,
No, she aint by 'erself in dat.

De chicken an' de goose tremble all in dey knees
De turkey he's skeered tho' he do strut so,
Fo' dey knows dat de time am a-coming and hits coming
dis am sho
When dey'll be killed fo' all de folks to please.



One girl to another—"Did you know Merry was coming?"
Second girl—"Mary who?"
First girl—"Merry Christmas."



Exchanges



"The Aurora" of Agnes Scott is splendid; from the frontispiece to the ads! It contains a commendable, well-rounded series of verse, story and sketch, all well-written and interesting. The story "Raining Cats" is particularly good, as are also the informal essays, "The Business of Being Bored", "The Art of Asking Favors" and "On Being Fat". The lilt and the swing of the poems attract one's sense of rhythm immediately.

The best part of The Trinity Archive this month is "Timely Ticklers." The stories are fairly good, especially "Something the President Did Not Know". The poem "Thanksgiving 1921" is very good, but the other poems, with the exception of "Go West, Young Man, Go West" seem rather uninspired. There is a scarcity of informal essays. A few more as good as "Rabbit-Ears and Darwinism" would add interest to your publication.

All due congratulations to the sophomores of Meredith for the splendid October number of "The Acorn". The stories are good especially "One For the Other" and "The Valentine Dance".

"The Ticklers" succeed in their purpose. The sketches are rather tame at the end, but the subjects are well chosen. More and better verses seem to be your greatest need—but you've done mighty well—sophomores!

The editorials in the Vassar Miscellany for November are much to our liking and especially do our sympathies go out to you in regard to "considerable considerations" (your plea "Contribute to us! Readers!") and a "A Suggestion" of of further participation in non-academic activities.

We hope your editorials bear fruit, for we know what both conditions you discussed mean. We like your edition thruout the issue and your material is good altho we would rather like another story.

The Wake Forest Student contains good editorials of local and universal interest. The stories and poems are also good but there is a lack of informal essays. The essay, "Nature's Greatest Work" is indeed sophomoric. We are surprised to find that a senior wrote it. We like the idea of having the "Bookshelf" and "From the Alumni" departments. Some Christmas stories would have added to the interest of the magazine.



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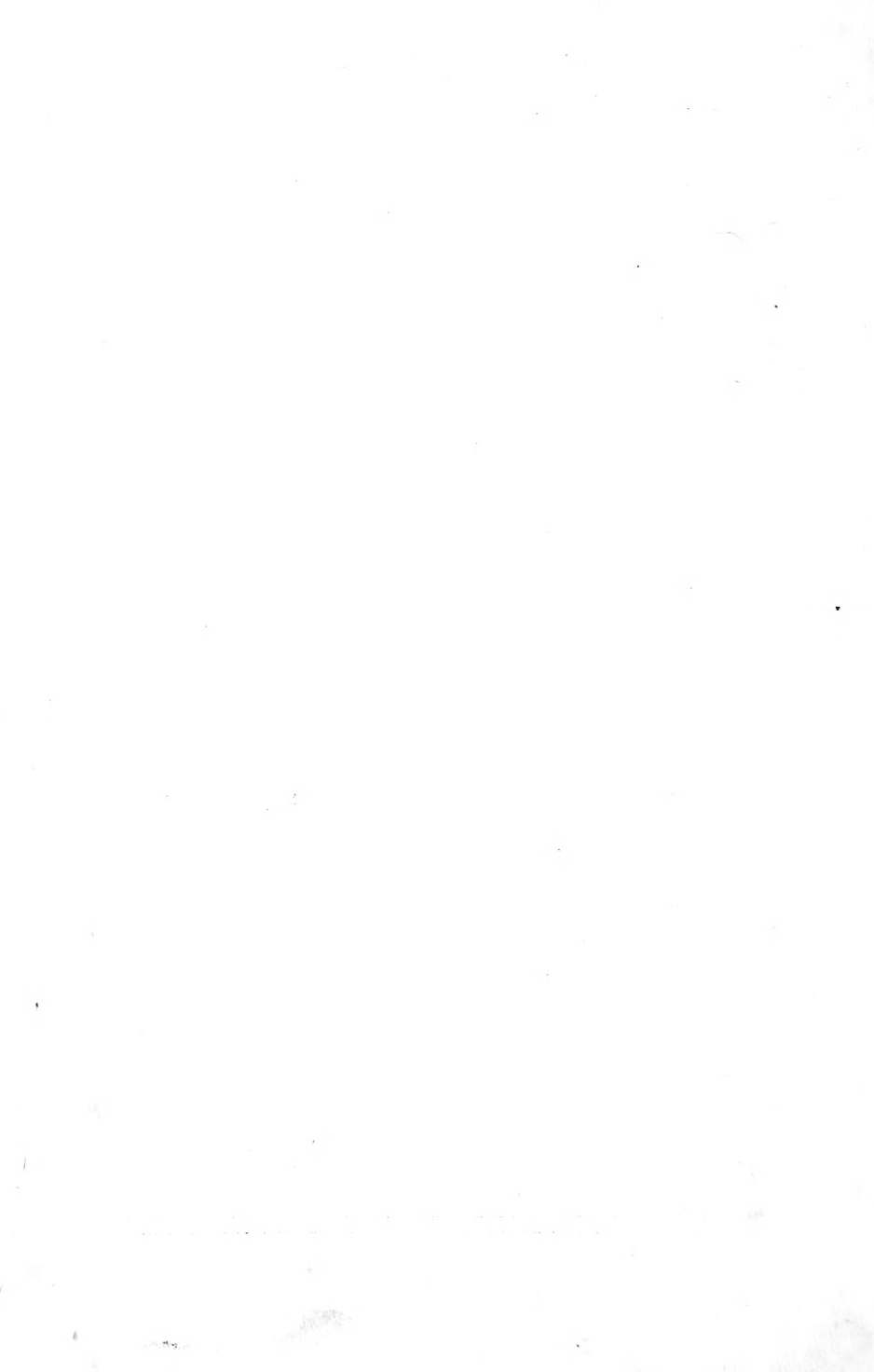


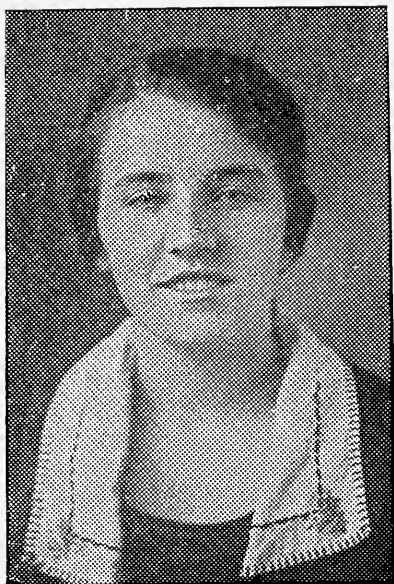
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